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AN ENGAGEMENT.

BY MRS. ROBERT PEELE.

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SYNOPSIS.

Arnold Hopetoun, a clerk on a small salary in the foreign office at London, is engaged to be married to a handsome Bella Carstairs, who, with her mother, is obliged to keep up appearances in very reduced circumstances. Bella believes that she loves Arnold, but she is unwilling to marry him until he gets a more lucrative position, which his influential uncle, Lord Drillingham, has promised to obtain for him. Lord Drillingham neglects the matter and Arnold proposes to Bella that he and his cousin Kate, Lord Drillingham's daughter, pretend to be engaged, with the idea of increasing his uncle's interest in obtaining an appointment. She consents and he goes to Deercourt to arrange the matter with Kate. Kate agrees, Drillingham approves of the engagement, and bestirs himself about the appointment.

PART III.

At the end of the week he did go, and, of course, called on Mrs. Carstairs and Bella without delay. Bella did not look so attractive as usual he thought when he first went in, but she brightened up immediately as he recounted the progress of the plot, and on leaving her he did himself for the thousandth time that she was the dearest girl on earth.

It is difficult to say how it was, but after he had been back in town a few days, a certain restlessness began to make itself felt in Hopetoun.

At first he thought it was his cousin's sympathy. He missed having some one to talk to about Bella, he said; but since Bella in propria persona was here, within half an hour's cab drive, that explanation would not do. No, he did not know what was the matter with him exactly. Impatience, perhaps? Yes, that must be it. Now that the haven of his hopes was drawing near, he was more impatient; the suspense was telling upon his nerves. He would run down to Deercourt on Saturday, and ascertain how his uncle's efforts were getting on.

After he had determined on this step, he saw how right he had been in attributing his disquietude to the last-named cause. He felt better already, and found himself looking forward to Saturday with almost as much eagerness as if it had been the capital appointment itself.

He told Kate so when he arrived. "Do you think it will be a long affair?" he inquired. "It may sound unreasonable, but now that your father is really bestirring himself at last, my present position seems more unendurable than ever before."

"I can understand that," said the girl, "fully! Papa said something about Canada the other day. Would Miss Carstairs mind going out there, do you think?"

"Well, I hardly know," replied Hopetoun. "I wanted something in England, of course, but we are very anxious to marry, and Canada would be better than nothing, wouldn't it?"

"I thought so, and that is why I did not veto it when it was mentioned. You had better put it to her, and let me know what she says. If she has an insuperable objection to leaving home, papa must look for something else."

"I'll let you know at once," Arnold answered. "I don't think there will be any difficulty about it. If she doesn't like to leave her mother, why, her mother could go out there too."

His tone, however, was not so assured as his words. He rather dreaded that Bella would dislike the idea of Canada, and the feeling proved prophetic a couple of days later. The young lady declared a colony was out of the question. Her interests were all in London, she said; she had been born in London, bred in London. Of course she loved Arnold very dearly, and would make almost any sacrifice for him, but she begged that he would not ask her to be an exile for his sake, for she felt that that would kill her.

What she said to her mother was not exactly the same thing, though the objection was still there. "It's perfectly preposterous!" she exclaimed. "Fancy, he's Lord Drillingham's nephew, and the best of the old man can suggest now is some wretched appointment in Canada! That's what I want."

"No," agreed Mrs. Carstairs, mildly, "you want a nice little house in Mayfair, and a proper circle around you. I can't say I think much of that suggestion. You know, Bella, I have always



"Heigho," echoed her daughter, thought you could do much better for yourself than Hopetoun under any circumstances. He is very nice, and gentlemanly, and all that, but he isn't brilliant, and he isn't rich. Heigho!"

"Heigho," echoed her daughter, "Well, it's too late to consider that now! Besides, I like him, and I could not bring myself to behave badly to him—it would break his heart. Lord Drillingham must find something else, that's all."

Hopetoun was disappointed, although instinctively he had feared the result. He was disappointed alike at the delay it entailed, and at Bella's calm reasoning. He would have liked her to throw herself into his arms, and say she would go to New Zealand or Serenapatnam with him if necessary. Some girls went to New Zealand and some to Serenapatnam with their lovers. Why, he knew a girl who had married and gone with a fellow to the diamond fields; and a jolly nice girl too, and a pretty girl! Not as pretty as Bella, certainly—not the same style of girl—but he knew it, did it necessarily follow that a girl's love should be more temperate because she had style?

Yes, he was disappointed, mortified a little, too, though he would not acknowledge as much as that in his communications. It obliged him to write Kate a letter that necessitated a good deal of delicate phrasing. It is not the easiest thing in the world to tell a third person that your fiancée does not care for you enough to agree to something that the third person has proposed, and in spite of all his pains and euphemisms, Hopetoun was disagreeably conscious that that was what the letter said.

Miss Drillingham was sorry also when she received it, for in the meantime the Canadian prospect had assumed definite proportions, and it was now offered to her cousin if he chose to take it. She wanted him to take it. She wanted him to marry Miss Carstairs with the least possible delay. She wanted this about position that he and herself were occupying towards each other terminated as soon as possible. And though she shrunk from acknowledging all her reasons to herself, they were sufficiently cogent to impel her to see Miss Carstairs and endeavor to shake her resolution.

She would not say anything about that to Arnold, though. If her mission were unsuccessful, there was no occasion that he should ever hear how good a thing it was that his fiancée's absurd objections had lost him.

She went up to town on the morning

after Arnold's ingenious letter had reached her, and took a handsome straight from Euston to the address which she had so often seen him write.

A certain pleasurable excitement was in her veins as the cab stopped before the door. She was doing a great deal for this girl whom she was about to see for the first time, and she was curious to look at her.

Mrs. and Miss Carstairs, were they in? she inquired of the servant. She gave her name—"Miss Drillingham."

Yes, they were in. Would she step into the drawing room? She did and shivered. Not at the poverty, but at the lack of taste shown in the put at the door. Did Arnold's fiancée take no interest in her home? she could permit these glaring monstrosities about it—these vulgar ornaments, these glass shades, these dyed grasses!

She had plenty of time allowed her for reflection. Evidently the ladies were making toilets in her honor. A quarter of an hour, twenty minutes passed, before the door opened, and then Miss Drillingham rose at her hostesses' entrance.

"I must apologize for my visit," she murmured. "But I thought I might be pardoned. I was so anxious to make the acquaintance of my cousin's fiancée and her mother."

"It is most kind of you," said Mrs. Carstairs. "Do sit down. Is it not kind of Miss Drillingham, Bella?"

"Very," said Bella. "I am glad to meet you, Miss Drillingham. I know that Arnold and I have a lot to thank you for."

"Not at all," declared the visitor, politely. "I hope you both may have, one day."

She foresaw that the interview would not be quite so easy as she had pictured it. There was an attempt at dignity in Miss Carstairs' manner—an intention to assert herself she fancied. "I hope you both may have one day," she repeated. "I am very fond of Cousin Arnold, and I should like his wife to be among the best of my friends. It is funny we should never have met before under the circumstances, is it not?"

"We go out very little," said Bella Carstairs, formally. "My mother's health—"

She did not mean to reveal the other's advances—on the contrary, she appreciated and was proud of them.



"I MUST APOLOGIZE FOR MY VISIT,"—but she was in mortal terror of appearing as flattered as she was. It would "never do," she was saying mentally. "For Miss Drillingham to think she was the sort of person who could be patronized."

"I am sorry," said Kate, turning to the other; "your health is bad?"

"A martyr," sighed Mrs. Carstairs, "a martyr to nerves."

Miss Drillingham looked sympathetic for the necessary moment.

"Arnold did not know I was coming to try and persuade you to reconsider your determination. I see it isn't as if you would both be going out there forever; it is only a question of a few years, and it may lead to something even better over here. It would be a splendid position, too, compared to what Arnold has now—twelve hundred a year, and—"

"Twelve hundred!" said Mrs. Carstairs, with a smile; "splendid!"

"Well, I think it splendid, relatively! Don't you, Bella—may I call you Bella, since we are going to be cousins?"

"I shall be very pleased—yes, pray do. No, I can't say it strikes me as a fortune. It would be very nice here for the present, but not a thousand times not—in payment for exile."

"Of course, if it won't do, it won't, and we must try something else, but this would mean immediate marriage, and I've been promised you will make me one of your bridesmaids, and I'm dying to play the part. And then—" She looked at Miss Carstairs significantly. The mother was a little in the way; she felt she could have talked more plainly without her. "If it won't do, it won't," she said again.

"Mother," said Miss Carstairs, "Miss Drillingham will stay and lunch with us. Won't you?"

"I'm afraid I can't, thanks," answered Kate. "It would make me late, but—"

Mrs. Carstairs understood. With a murmured excuse she vanished from the room, and at a moment the two fiancées of Arnold Hopetoun—the real and the mock, looked at each other in silence.

Kate broke it. "You see," she observed, "this game Arnold and I are playing can't be continued indefinitely, and posts don't drop up every day. One can't say how long it will be before another is obtainable."

"Oh yes, of course," replied Miss Carstairs, vaguely.

"He is awfully fond of you, and very impatient, and, if I may take the liberty of advising, I should recommend you—recommend you very strongly indeed—to counsel him to accept the present offer while he can."

"I couldn't do that," said the other; "I couldn't do that to justice to myself."

"But—but, good heavens, why?" cried Kate. Was this the devoted Bella for whom she had consented to play so questionable a role?

"It is too impossible," said Miss Carstairs, again.

"I could get relief from a most horrible blood disease I had spent hundreds of dollars trying various remedies and physicians, none of which did me any good. My finger nails came off and my hair came out, leaving me perfectly bald. I then went to

HOT SPRINGS

Hoping to be cured by this celebrated treatment, but very soon became disgusted and decided to try S.S.S. The effect was truly wonderful. I commenced to recover at once, and after I had taken twelve bottles I was entirely cured—cured by S.S.S. when the world-renowned Hot Springs had failed.

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stairs, firmly. "Expatriation, as I have already explained, can't be considered."

Miss Drillingham's patience had its limits. "You won't mind my pointing out that my father found this appointment under the impression that Arnold was going to marry me?" she said; "that it was I who would accompany him—that the 'awfulness' that discourages you would have to be borne by myself?"

Miss Carstairs looked courteous unconcern. "Lord Drillingham, of course, knows best what he would be satisfied for his own daughter to do," she said. "But I have to consider my mother's opinions. Please don't let us talk about Canada any more. Have you seen Duse? Everybody's opinion about her seems different."

Kate Drillingham put out her hand with a smile. "It's finished!" she said. "You must let me run away now, or I shall miss my train. Ah, Mrs. Carstairs, I must say good afternoon. No, nothing, thank you, really not! Yes, that is my cab waiting."

She got into it, and as the wheels began to revolve, beat one of her little clenched hands on her lap. She was not smiling now, her face was white and angry.

If Bella or her mother could have overheard what their visitor said to herself as she drove away, they would have been considerably perturbed.

"And that's the girl I have been struggling to be loyal towards," muttered Miss Drillingham between her teeth. "Arnold, I'm fonder of you than that—and you shall know it now!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MOZAMBIQUE REBELLION.

The Leaders Arrested and the Insurrection at an End.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 7.—The acting Portuguese minister, Senor Taveira, has received a cablegram bringing the intelligence of the capture of Gungunhamu and his son, Guldide, by Captain Moushino, of the Portuguese troops. The party reached Lorenzo Marques and will at once convey the prisoners to Lisbon. The cablegram further announced that the news of the capture of the leaders of the rebellion in Mozambique caused the green emblems in Lisbon and that it is considered in Portugal that the capture means the termination of the rebellion.

Gungunhamu, who has been a native king for several years, became discontented and dissatisfied and inaugurated a rebellion among the natives of the Mozambique country. To suppress the rebellion it was necessary for Portugal, at much expense, to send 3,000 troops to Mozambique to conquer the 20,000 Gungunhamu had been able to muster.

Village Nearly Destroyed.

ITHACA, N. Y., Jan. 6.—The village of Trumansburg, about ten miles north of Ithaca was visited to-day by a destructive fire and a large part of the business section was burned. The loss is estimated at about \$50,000. The water block, valued at \$20,000, was included in the destroyed section. The Higgs block was almost entirely destroyed. The fire was caused by an overturned lamp igniting a quantity of oil in the rear of the Atwater building.

New Postmaster Appointed.

Special Dispatch to the Intelligencer.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 7.—W. M. St. Clair has been appointed postmaster at Mayberry, McDowell county, vice J. C. Hunt, resigned.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of FRANK J. CHENEY'S

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1895.

(Seal.) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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MANY merchants are well aware that their customers are their best friends and take pleasure in supplying them with the best goods obtainable. As an instance we mention Perry & Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to our customers, as it is the best cough medicine we have ever sold, and always gives satisfaction." For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle.

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing kidney and bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "NEW GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary system in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by R. H. List, druggist, Wheeling, W. Va.

IF suffering with piles, it will interest you to know that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure them. This medicine is a specific for all complaints of this character, and if instructions (which are simple) are carried out, a cure will result. We have tested this in numerous cases, and always with like results. It never fails. Logan Drug Co., Wheeling, W. Va., B. F. Peabody, Denwood, and Bowls & Co., Bridgeport, O.

IT will be an agreeable surprise to persons subject to attacks of bilious colic to learn that prompt relief may be had by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. In many instances the attack may be prevented by taking this remedy as soon as the first symptoms of the disease appear. 25 and 50 cent bottles.

COUGHING irritates the delicate organs and aggravates the disease. Instead of waiting, try Chamberlain's Cough Cure. It helps at once, making expectation easy, reduces the soreness and inflammation. Every one likes it. Logan Drug Co., Wheeling, W. Va., B. F. Peabody, Denwood, and Bowls & Co., Bridgeport, O.

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Assignee of ALEX. FREW, 1117 Main Street.

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We mean just what we say, that we have marked down to exactly

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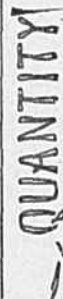
with and without Marten collars. The Capes we offer are all this season's purchase and consequently right in style, quality and lengths, and

ALL AT HALF PRICE.

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Which have

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quantity or quality, when you buy something to make washing easy!

If it's quality, you want Pearline. In effectiveness, in economy, and above all in its absolute harmlessness, no matter how or where you use it, there's nothing to compare with this, the first and only

washing-compound.

What difference does the quantity make, after all? If you spend five cents or ten cents or a dollar for an aid to washing, don't you want the thing that will give you the most work, the best work, and the most certain safety for that amount of money? That thing is Pearline.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, honest—send it back.

Send it Back

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IT TICKLES YOU

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